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CHAMBERS ON THE WALL AT MAR SABA.

Walls, Gates and Chambers.

In olden times, when life and property were not so secure as they are now, nearly every town and village had a wall or stockade built round it, to serve as a defence against enemies.

The term 'stoke' which forms part of the name of so many English villages and towns—such as Basingstoke, Stoke Newington, etc., shows that formerly these places were protected by stockades. Entrance and exit could only be obtained by gates, which, as a measure of safety, were closed at night.

Some of our English towns have the walls and gateways standing at this day, though they are now quite useless for the purpose of defence. Still they are interesting as links with the past, and the growth of towns may sometimes be traced by remains of walls which have been built at different times, as the area to be protected increased in size.

In the Bible we find 'the walls of the city' mentioned many times, and very often also 'the gates of the city.'

When the Israelites first crossed the Jordan, they found a strong city, Jericho, with walls and towers, which stopped their way. It protected and closed the great road into the Holy Land, so they were obliged to stop.

Joshua, who was now their leader, wished to find out how strong his enemies were, so he sent out two men as spies—that is, they were to pretend to be people of the country. They were to look about and find out where the soldiers were, and how many of them; if there were any weak places in the walls, or anything of that sort; and then go back and tell him.

The spies got inside this city Jericho by the gates, but they had not long been there when the king heard of them and sent men to seize them; but a woman, out of kindness to them and fear of God, hid them under some flax on her roof.

At night, when it was dark (Joshua ii., 15), 'she let them down by a cord through the window; for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall:' and so they got away.

In another passage (II. Kings iv., 10) we also read of a good woman who wished to be kind to a prophet of God. His name was Elisha. This woman lived in a little town or village called Shunem. There is a little village in the same place now, and I think many of the houses there are built just as they might have been in the days of this prophet,—at least, I thought so when I was there.

This good woman asked her husband to let her build 'a little chamber on the wall' for the good man. She put a bed, a table, and a stool in it, so that whenever he passed that way he had his own little room always ready.

Again, we read of St. Paul that when he was at Damascus the Jews wished to kill him (Acts ix., 23-25). They watched the gates day and night, so that if he attempted to go out they would kill him. But the other disciples 'took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket.' St. Paul himself says he was let down by a 'rope,' and so he got away.

Our picture will show how all of these things could happen. In Jerusalem, I once saw a woman let down a bucket by a rope, that another woman outside might give her a pail of water.

My sketch was made in the great convent of Mar Saba, and here there were many 'little chambers' built into the wall,' and people lived in them. From time to time God used these 'little rooms' to save those who loved and served him.—H. A. Harper.

A Great Sunday-School Centenary.

(Julian King Colford, in 'The Christian Herald.')

Three young men met, one hundred years ago, on the far side of the Atlantic—they met in the world's greatest city, to consider one of the world's greatest needs—the saving of the children. We sing of the 'Century's swinging portal,' and the 'Breaking of the new dawn.' Only the golden reed of the Temple can measure the doorway of this century of work for the children inaugurated by those three young men in old Surrey Chapel, London, under the eye of Rowland Hill.

It was in the month of roses, when the memorable three—William Brodie Gurney, Thomas Thompson, and James Nisbet—the oldest twenty-five, the youngest eighteen—met in this historic chapel, one hundred years ago, to found the Sunday School Union. Twenty-five years earlier, Robert

Raikes had founded the Sunday-school work, but it was largely secular in its influence. Factories and mills claimed the time and attention of the young, and the training given on the Sabbath was intended to make up for the loss of educational advantages.

Young Brodie Gurney was inspired with a passion to reach the spiritual values for which the day was intended. With this in view, he first held counsel with a few kindred souls in his own school, in the then pleasant village of Walworth, now a part of teeming London. He made excursions across the Thames, visiting other schools, and noting their methods and improvements. He said to one of the superintendents, 'We ought to improve all our schools. Your school is better than ours, and you tell me there are schools better than yours. Why should we not get Sunday-school teachers together, and try to improve, if possible, our plan of instruction, and stimulate others to open new schools in London?'

Here, then was born the Sunday School Union. Gurney summoned a meeting at Surrey Chapel July 13, 1803. The attendance was large, and the young worker was appointed its first Secretary. Thus was launched a millennium for the children Surrey Chapel is now used for the display of electric light apparatus—but it was eminently fitting that the Sunday School Union, which a few weeks ago celebrated its first century of life and blessing to the world, should assemble in 'old Surrey' for a commemorative service.

The centenary services were inspiring and interesting. Best of all the meetings was the Saturday morning Praise Service, held—by courtesy of the proprietors, and amid all sorts of lamps—in the room where the voice of the great preacher, Rowland Hill, is still an echo, and where the lamp of life to thousands upon thousands of children, was first set burning.

Mr. F. F. Belsey, a Justice of the Peace and a most enthusiastic worker, is the President of the Union, and the Rev. Carey Bonner is the Secretary. Both are men of marked ability, and both are filled with zeal for the cause of the children. The Sunday School Union has been a most influential agency in extending and elevating Biblical study in Great Britain and its dependencies. Its literature covers the widest range. The Union headquarters, at 'Old Bailey,' fairly teems with literature and Sunday-school appliances. A notable feature of their work is the 'Travelling Library' (now well known also in educational work in the United States). In its Sunday School Union Teachers' Training College, 1,500 teachers received instruction in Bible teaching last year. Four hundred young people competed last year for the scholars' national prize, and fifty thousand entered last year for the scholars' Scriptural examination. Bible lands and Bible story have been converted into slides, costumes have been prepared illustrating the manners and customs of the Orient, until lantern and costume make a new Palestine in Old England. More than two thousand schools used these helpful facilities to Bible study.

From that far away and humble beginning in Old Surrey Chapel, the Union now claims a membership of over two millions of teachers, three-fourths of whom belong to the United Kingdom, and one-fourth to the British colonies and the Indian Empire. These voluntary workers have under their care more than twenty-two millions of children!

Give What You Can.

(The Rev. Campbell Morgan.)

People say to me: 'Well, what can I do for the crowd? I haven't anything. I cannot preach, and I have no gift.' Well, will you give the Master what you have?

I well remember in some special services some years ago at home a woman came to me at the close of the first Sunday morning service and said, 'Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work which is going on here next week in winning men and women for Christ, but I don't know what to do.'

I said, 'My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the "five loaves and two fishes" you possess?' She said, 'I don't know that I have five loaves and two fishes.' I said, 'Have you anything which stands out at all in your life? Have you anything you have used in any way specially?' No, she didn't think she had. 'Well,' I said, 'can you sing?' 'Well, yes,' she said, 'I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment.'

'Well, now,' I said, 'come away. Let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days? You shall settle with him at the end as to what you do then, but will you let the Master have your voice for the next ten days?' She said, 'I don't think I can.' I said:—'You can sing at an entertainment—can't you sing in order to fill hungry men?' She said, 'I will.' And I shall never forget that Sunday evening I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang a Gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry-room one man. I had been staying with that man within the last three months. That man said to me afterward that it was the Gospel that was sung which reached his heart; and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and that country I have ever known.

How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had, and he put his hand upon it and blessed it, and then she had to take it, and use it, and the harvest was reaped right there, and has been going on ever since. Will you give him what you have? You business men, you have your business ability. Oh, that the business men in the church of Jesus Christ would bring to bear upon the things of God the same business capacity they put into their own affairs all the days of the week! Will you give what you have to the Master?

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Priest and the Testament.

(The 'Christian.')

An interesting and significant story comes from Rome, showing how much reason there is for the dread felt by the Vatican of the circulation of the Bible among the Roman clergy or laity. During the Holy Year the pilgrims were most carefully guarded from buying or accepting a copy of the Scriptures in the vernacular. One day, a priest snatched a Testament from the hands of a poor woman, and took it home with the intention of burning it. While pulling out some pages for that purpose, his eyes lighted on the text, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' His attention was arrested, and on comparing the Protestant version with the Vulgate, he came to the conclusion that the book he had honestly thought it his duty to destroy was in very truth the Word of God. Rome's chance is gone when once the 'Word' is taken up intelligently and devoutly, and her vast pretensions to be the mouthpiece of God vanish into thin air.

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—Kindly acknowledge, with thanks, $3.00 from Anderdon Union Sabbath-school; $2.00 from Mr. and Mrs. Mullen, of Hudson Heights, Que.; $2.00 from Mrs. Hewton and her little son, Back River, Que. $4.00 of this amount has been put into the native pastor box.

In the same mail as that which brought the $3.00 from Anderdon Union Sabbath-school, a letter came from India, intimating that it was quite possible the first Telugu missionary to South Africa might be glad to extend the 'Post-Office Crusade' Mission among the colony of Telugus from South India now settled in South Africa. In this event it will be interesting to watch developments.

An account of this first native pastor from India to Africa appears in the September and October number of the 'Post-Office Crusade' leaflet.

Thirty cents is the price of the 'Post-Office Crusade.' Address

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine ave.,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—Kindly note this. Please do not make out your postal orders, etc., to Montreal or Quebec, but to Westmount, Que. By keeping simply to this rule, you will save considerable trouble, car fare, and stamps.—M. E. C.

The following amounts have been received for the India 'Post-Office Crusade' Fund:—

Gerald William	$ .25
Celia Gallup	.25
Nellie Volley, Carstairs, Albt.	.30
Mrs. Cole, Montreal	.25
Mrs. Mary Holden, Frelighsburg, Que.	1.00
Friend, Oak Grove, Man.	1.00
Susan S. Warkentin, Winkler, Man.	.80
	$3.85

BOYS AND GIRLS

Janet Shadd

(Ida T. Thurston, in the Presbyterian Banner.')

'There's that girl still at the window. I wonder if she's been there ever since we went by this morning?' said Kitty Keene.

'I'm sorry for her if she has had that great heavy baby in her arms all day,' Louise Weatherby returned carelessly.

'I've been sorry for that girl ever since she's lived there.' It was Alice Bartlett who said that, and she said it so earnestly that the other girls looked at her in surprise and then, with one impulse, glanced back again at the face pressed close up against the window of the little old cottage that they had just passed.

'Why?' Louise questioned, curiously.

'Oh, because she seems to be always carrying that big baby about; and she looks so kind of forlorn and wishful, somehow,' Alice explained; and then she added with a touch of shyness, 'I should think, to a girl like that, it wouldn't seem fair.'

'What wouldn't seem fair, Alice Bartlett? What are you talking about?' Kitty snapped out. Kitty was always impatient over anything that she did not understand and sometimes over things that she did.

'Why I mean, the difference—don't you see?' Alice answered, flushing uncomfortably under Kitty's half-scornful gaze. 'If you had to live in such a house as that and lug around a great heavy baby all day—wouldn't you feel sometimes that it wasn't fair, Kitty, when you saw other girls like us having good times together and going to school and all?'

'Why—I don't know,' returned Kitty, drawing her pretty brows together in an impatient frown. 'How in the world can I tell how I should feel if I were some other kind of a girl? I always supposed that such people didn't care about things—as we do.'

'You mean that that's what you want to suppose because it might make you uncomfortable to think that they do care,' laughed Louise. 'Now I don't allow myself to think about such people at all, for what's the use? It would only spoil my pleasure and do them no good.'

'Unless you could help them,' Alice amended gently.

'Help them—pshaw! How can we help that girl, for instance? Maybe you'd like to run back and offer to take care of the baby for her to-morrow, as it's Saturday, Alice,' Louise mocked merrily.

'Oh, do let's talk about something else!' Kitty exclaimed in her impulsive fashion. 'Have you seen the lovely Easter things in Stiebel's window, Lou?'

Louise was quite ready to discuss Easter novelties, and no further reference was made to the other girl before the three parted, but the memory of her wistful face lingered in Alice Bartlett's thoughts—she could not forget her. She looked for her as she passed the cottage Monday morning, but she was not at the window.

It chanced that Kitty and Louise had an errand in another direction, so Alice walked home alone that afternoon. This time the girl was at the window, and Alice smiled and nodded to her as she went by. A moment later she heard swift footsteps behind her, and looking back, saw the girl running after her with a paper in her hand.

'I saw you drop it,' she panted, holding out the paper, and looking at Alice with an eager light in her eyes.

'Oh, thank you—I should have had a failure if I'd lost that,' Alice answered, as she slipped the paper into one of her books. 'It has the special problems for to-morrow. Thank you ever so much.'

The girl muttered under her breath something about hurrying back, but still she lingered, her black eyes watching Alice's face with eager interest.

'I've often seen you at your window,' Alice said, hesitatingly.

'I always see you when you go by,' returned the other, instantly. 'I watch for you—now,' she added, her tone a little uncertain, as if fearful that her watching might displease this girl.

'Do you? What for?' inquired Alice, wonderingly.

''Cause—I like to,' the girl answered, turning her eyes aside for a moment.

'Is the baby your little brother?' Alice questioned.

The girl nodded.

'Don't you get tired carrying him about so much?'

'No, indeed, I love him. He's always been sickly, but if he dies I hope I'll die, too!' exclaimed the girl, with sudden passion.

'Oh,' cried Alice, 'you mustn't say that!'

'Why mustn't I? It's true,' the girl flung back with a flashing glance of her black eyes.

'Oh, because—' Alice began, and then paused uncertainly. In the dark, serious eyes there was something that made her all at once so very, very sorry for this other girl. 'There's somebody else besides you and the baby. isn't there?' she asked, after a moment's silence.

'There's father. He works in the foundry.'

'And do you do everything—all the work of the house, and take care of the baby, too?'

Again the girl nodded.

'So, of course, you can't go to school,' Alice went on. 'And don't you ever get out with other girls?'

'Don't know any girls; we just moved here last month.'

'You must be awfully lonesome,' Alice exclaimed, earnestly. Then moved by a sudden impulse she added: 'I wish you'd come to our Sunday-school—you'd get acquainted with some very nice girls there. Wouldn't you like to come?'

'I don't know—maybe I would,' replied the girl, cautiously.

'I wish you would,' Alice repeated, with added earnestness. 'It's at the gray stone church, corner of Elm and State streets. You know the church?'

Again that silent nod was the only answer.

'Please come next Sunday at nine o'clock,' Alice urged. 'I shall expect you and be disappointed if you don't. Now I must go, for I have to puzzle out those problems that you saved for me.' She moved away, but instantly turned back again to say, 'Oh, I forgot to ask your name. Mine is Alice Bartlett.'

'Mine is Janet Shadd,' returned the girl.

'Thank you, Janet, and good-bye—till Sunday,' Alice returned.

Janet stood for a moment looking after her, then she ran back to the cottage.

Many times in the next few days Alice found herself thinking of Janet Shadd and her lonely life. She wished that she could do something to brighten it, and she tried to interest Kitty and Louise in the girl; but Kitty and Louise were carelessly indifferent, and to her dismayed surprise they seemed to think that she had made a mistake in inviting Janet to their Sunday-school.

'You ought to have told her to go to the mission school—that's the place for a girl like that. She'll never feel comfortable in our school,' Louise declared, decidedly.

'I don't see why not,' Alice maintained, the color rising in her cheeks.

'Oh, Alice, you must see—of course you do!' Louise exclaimed, impatiently. 'A girl that lives in a place like that cottage and has nothing decent to wear can't feel comfortable in a school like ours, where there are no poor folks, of course she can't. At the mission she'd find plenty of her own sort—lots of the foundry folks go there. Don't you think that that's the place for her, Kitty?'

'Why,' of course,' assented Kitty, with her careless little laugh. 'Nobody but Alice would have thought of dragging her into our school.'

The color burned in Alice's cheeks, but she said, softly, 'Don't you think Miss Margaret would, Kitty?'

'Oh, Miss Margaret—she's a saint; but there is only one Miss Margaret in our school, remember. You can't measure the others by her,' Kitty declared, lightly.

'But, Kitty, please, please do be nice to her—to Janet, I mean, if she does come. You and Louise can speak to her anyway, and I know Miss Margaret will,' Alice urged, eagerly.

'Oh, I'll speak to her if that's all you want,' Louise answered; then moved by a sudden fear, she added, 'but see here, Alice Bartlett, you needn't try to bring your Janet Shadd into our class—we won't stand that, will we, Kit?'

'Not much,' responded Kitty, promptly; 'but even Alice would know better than that, Lou. Janet Shadd—ugh! What a fishy name!' she added, with a shrug as she turned away, taking Louise with her.

Alice stood looking after them with a very sober face, wondering if she really had made a mistake in inviting Janet to their Sunday-school. Somehow, she felt certain that the girl would not have gone to the mission school had she suggested that. As to Miss Margaret's class, Alice had not once thought of taking Janet there. Of course, there was no other teacher like Miss Margaret—all her girls knew that. There were seven of them, and they had never had any other teacher nor she any other class. They had come down from the 'Infant room' together, and had always been friends and schoolmates—all seven of them. No, of course no other girl could be admitted into that class, but there were plenty of others, and, perhaps, anyway Janet would not come. Before Sunday Alice half wished that she would not, she felt such a weight of responsibility about her.

But she did come. She was waiting on the steps when Alice reached the church on Sunday morning. Some girls passing in cast curious glances at Janet's gingham dress and sailor hat. The dress was very fresh and clean, but faded from many washings and short in sleeves and skirt. The hat, too, had evidently seen much service, and the white ribbon around the crown had been washed and ironed. But Alice did not look at dress or hat—she looked straight into the wistful dark eyes and said heartily.

'I'm so glad you came, Janet!' and at that the anxious wrinkle faded from Janet's forehead and she drew a long breath of relief as she followed Alice into the chapel.

'Sit here,' Alice said, pointing to a seat near the door, 'until I speak to the superintendent.

Janet's eyes followed her as she went down the long room and returned with the superintendent, who welcomed the stranger very kindly, yet looked rather gravely uncertain as he glanced from class to class, trying to decide where to place her. She guessed his thought and suggested timidly:

'There are only four now in Miss Mankin's class.'

'Yes,' said the superintendent, 'and they are about the age of this new scholar. Yes, I think we will put her in Miss Mankin's class. This way, please,' he added to Janet.

She rose and followed him, but Alice caught the shadows of disappointment that darkened her eyes, and the longing glance that she threw back over her shoulder. The shadow was reflected on Alice's own face as she joined the other six in Miss Margaret's class.

It was the Sunday before Easter, and the lesson was a very solemn one. Kitty and Louise were more apt to laugh and whisper than any of the others, but to-day they listened with earnest, serious attention. But Alice could not forget Janet; she was sure that Janet was not having a pleasant hour. She saw that two of the girls in the class sat one on either side of Miss Mankin, and the other two had both drawn away from Janet, leaving her quite by herself. Long before the hour was ended, Miss Mankin seemed to have finished with the lesson, for Alice saw that the other girls were talking and looking at their library books, and Janet was gazing listlessly about the room. Once she looked over to Miss Margaret's class and Alice smiled and nodded to her, but Janet did not smile back; she turned her sombre eyes away and did not again look in that direction. Alice was thinking so deeply about her that for a few minutes she forgot to listen to her own teacher. When she remembered, Miss Margaret was saying: 'I know that you will all bring your Easter offerings next Sunday—you never forget them; but this year I want you to give more than just money. I want each of you to give something or do something that will be a real sacrifice or self-denial. How many of you will try to give such an offering to the Master this Easter?'

'I'll promise to try, but maybe I can't think of anything, Miss Margaret,' Kitty said, with most unwonted soberness, touching her bright face.

'If you try I am sure you will find a way,' Miss Margaret told her, and smiled into the seven earnest faces as the girls all gave the promise she asked.

When the school was dismissed, Alice tried to hurry over to Janet, but someone stopped her, and when she was free, Janet had disappeared. Alice hurried out, hoping to overtake her. A long way ahead she saw the thin, straight figure in the faded gingham and sailor hat, going swiftly along with never a backward glance.

'I know she feels badly,' Alice said to herself, the tears coming into her eyes, and she hurried on yet faster.

'Janet,' she called, when she came within speaking distance, 'Janet, please wait for me—I want to speak to you.'

Janet glanced back then and slackened her pace, but she did not stop.

'I tried to get over to your class after Sunday-school,' Alice explained, as she came up; 'I wanted to introduce you to Miss Margaret.'

'I was in a hurry,' Janet returned, briefly.

'I— — hope you liked the Sunday-school,' Alice went on, with a doubtful glance at the dark serious face of her companion.

'Well, I didn't!' Janet flung back, instantly. 'It was just as I said 'twould be—nobody wanted me there.'

'Oh, Janet, I wanted you,' cried Alice.

Janet set her lips hard together and threw back her head, but she made no reply.

Alice went on timidly: 'You'll like it when you get acquainted; I'm sure you will.'

'I shan't get acquainted. I shan't ever go there again!' Janet declared, firmly.

'Oh, Janet, please don't say that,' and Alice's voice was full of sorrowful pleading.

Janet stopped short and looked at her, a dark flush rising in her cheeks. 'That teacher didn't want me in her class and those other girls didn't want me,' she cried out stormily. 'They got just as far away from me on the seat as they could, and not one of 'em said a single word to me except the teacher, and she just asked me some questions out of the lesson book. I guess you wouldn't go again if you'd been treated so in your class, would you, now? Would you?' she questioned firmly.

'I—I—don't know—maybe I wouldn't. Oh, Janet, I'm so sorry!' Alice's gentle blue eyes were swimming with tears now.

At the sight of those tears Janet's face suddenly softened.

'Never mind, don't you feel bad about it,' she said hastily, all the hardness gone from her voice, too. 'I know you'd have spoken to me if I—I mean if you'd been in Miss Mankin's class.'

'I guess I would!' Alice cried out, impulsively, and then she colored, remembering how she and the other six had objected to having anybody else come into their class. 'I—oh, Janet,' she stumbled on, 'maybe—I hope—you just wait; try not to think about those girls. Maybe it will all come right somehow. I'm sure it will.'

But Janet shook her head decidedly. 'I guess I'd better just stay home with father and the baby Sundays,' she said, gravely. 'But I won't feel bad about it any more if you won't,' she added, as she paused opposite the little cottage. 'Good-bye,' she called back over her shoulder.

Alice did a deal of serious thinking that afternoon, and the next day she gathered Miss Margaret's seven in a corner of the school yard at recess, and there she pleaded the cause of Janet.

'If you could only all have heard what she said, I know you would feel as sorry for her as I do,' she ended, earnestly.

'We do feel sorry for her—of course we do,' said one.

'I think those girls in Miss Mankin's class were just horrid!' another declared, warmly.

'We're all sorry for the Shadd girl, of course we are—we're not heathen!' exclaimed Louise Weatherby, with a petulant little fling, 'but girls, you needn't imagine that Alice Bartlett is going to be satisfied with that. She's going to ask us to prove that we're sorry, and I for one, don't mean to—not in the way she means.'

'Nor I, either!' Kitty seconded promptly, though she looked red and uncomfortable as she spoke.

'What do they mean, Alice?' one of the other girls asked, doubtfully.

'Ask them,' Alice replied, with a smile that was not far from tears. 'Louise knows.'

'Yes, I do know!' Louise broke out, impatiently. 'She's hinting that we ought to let that girl into our class—Miss Margaret's class—and I just will not agree to any such thing. The idea, Alice Bartlett! Just think of the lovely times we seven have at Miss Margaret's house, and our King's Daughter Circle and everything! Why it would spoil it all to let a stranger in, and a common kind of a girl like that, too! I don't see how you could think of such a thing, Alice.'

Alice made no answer. She was not looking at any of the girls now—she was not thinking of them. She was so sorry, so very sorry for that lonely, motherless girl in the little old cottage. For a moment the other girls were silent, too, after that tempestuous outburst of Louise Weatherby's. Perhaps Alice Bartlett's sweet face, all tender and tremulous with unselfish sympathy for that other girl, pleaded more eloquently in her behalf than any spoken words could have done.

It was careless, light-hearted Kitty Keene who broke the brief silence. Stepping suddenly away from Louise, she flung her arm around Alice and faced the other girls.

'Girls,' she exclaimed, 'it's no use. We all know Alice is right and we might as well give in first as last. Of course, it won't be half so pleasant for us to share our dear Miss Margaret with another girl—a stranger—but after all we've had her all to ourselves for over five years, and—well, I've tried my best Lou to be selfish and mean about it, but I can't forget what Miss Margaret herself said last Sunday about our Easter offering. I guess it will be a pretty big self-denial to all seven of us, but I vote with Alice, to let Janet Shadd come into our class if she wants to.'

Such a radiant face as Alice turned upon her friend then!

'Oh, you dear Kitty!' she cried, and after that, even Louise had to give in, though she yielded under protest and vowed that she should always detest 'that Shadd girl.'

So on Easter Sunday Janet came again to the Sunday-school, but this time she sat in the very heart of Miss Margaret's class with Alice on one side and Kitty on the other, and the great content that

filled her heart made her dark face almost beautiful. Somehow she seemed to 'fit in' right away, and under Miss Margaret's loving care and teaching her starved nature began soon to blossom into the beauty and sweetness of happy girlhood, and before another Easter came there was not one of the seven who would have been willing to have Janet Shadd leave Miss Margaret's class.

A Sensible Wit.

One of the greatest humorists the world has seen is the dearly beloved 'Lewis Carroll,' author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' The following letter of his shows that he knew one place where fun should pause.

'After changing my mind several times, I have at last decided to venture to ask a favor of you, and to trust that you will not misinterpret my motives in doing so. The favor I would ask is, that you will not tell me any more stories, such as you did on Friday, of remarks which children are said to have made on very sacred subjects—remarks which most people would recognize as irreverent, if made by grown-up people, but which are assumed to be innocent when made by children who are unconscious of any irreverence, the strange conclusion being drawn that they are therefore innocent when repeated by a grown-up person.

'The misinterpretation I would guard against is, your supposing that I regard such repetition as always wrong in any grown-up person. Let me assure you that I do not so regard it. I am always willing to believe that those who repeat such stories differ wholly from myself in their views of what is, and what is not, fitting treatment of sacred things, and I fully recognize that what would certainly be all wrong in me is not necessarily so in them. So I simply ask it as a personal favor to myself. The hearing of that anecdote gave me much pain, and spoiled so much the pleasure of my tiny dinner party, that I feel sure you will kindly spare me such in future.

'One further remark. There are quantities of such anecdotes going about. I don't in the least believe that five percent of them were ever said by children. I feel sure that most of them are concocted by people who wish to bring sacred subjects into ridicule—sometimes by people who wish to undermine the belief that others have in religious truths; for there is no surer way of making one's beliefs unreal than by learning to associate them with ludicrous ideas. Forgive the freedom with which I have said all this.'—'C.E. World.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

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The B.B. Society

(Laura Elsie Jennings, in the 'Western Advocate.')

It was very evident that something serious was the matter with the girls in the third grade.

Miss Elizabeth had detained them all; and when they were finally excused, they went down stairs as usual, 'with measured step and slow;' but the usual happy faces and dancing eyes were serious and tear-stained.

When they reached the yard, instead of going on their usual 'recess run,' they gathered in little groups, and began talking very earnestly.

Just as the girls' line reached the door, the last girl, a tiny little waif, turned, and started back.

'Bertha, pass out.'

'Please, I must see Miss Elizabeth,' said the child; and the wondering janitor let her go.

That evening, for the first time in the school year, all the 'adorable girls' in the third year were 'kept in.' No, not all, for, just as the boys' line had formed, Miss Elizabeth said:

'Bertha, I will let you go home.'

She followed the boys' line down, but she went on her tip-toes; and soon as she reached the front door she slipped off by herself, and ran home as fast as she possibly could.

Her thin, calico dress of faded brown looked thin and old, and her little jacket and hood were too ragged to be very comfortable in such a cold wind.

When Miss Elizabeth closed the door after the line had passed out, she went to the blackboard and wrote:

'The B. B. Society. Third grade girls. Fourteen members. A secret society.'

How the girls did laugh and clap their hands—it was surely going to be beautiful.

'When I have told you all about it,' said Miss Elizabeth, after they had read it over, hard words and all; 'I will let you all guess what B.B. stands for.'

Then she told them that someone had been taking lunch from the baskets that did not belong to them, but this they all knew and they shook their heads very seriously that they had not done so.

No, I know; no one here has taken it, but, as I told you at recess, I knew it was some girl from this room. Since I have talked to you I have found out it was Bertha. She came herself and told me. When I asked her why she had done so, she said she was so hungry she couldn't help it! Hungry, little girls! Just think, one of our own little schoolmates.

'She says that very often she has to come to school without any breakfast, although her mother always tries to have some dinner for her. Now I want you to take turns in bringing Bertha some lunch. I will give you each the name of a day of the week, and there are just fourteen of you, so each one will bring some bread and butter and fruit once in two weeks.'

'Oh, Bread and Butter Society!' said Bessie.

'Yes,' said Miss Elizabeth; 'and you are Wednesday, that's to-morrow.'

The next morning Bessie brought a little box, neatly tied, and laid it on Miss Elizabeth's desk. On Thursday Jennie brought a little box; and so it was arranged, each little girl knowing just what her day was to be. Miss Elizabeth gave the boxes to Bertha, and she never knew just who brought them. No more lunches were stolen, and the girls all thought Bertha had better lessons since she had enough to eat.

Just who began it, I don't know; but one day there was a quarter on the B.B. box, the next day fifty cents, and by and by there was so much money that Miss Elizabeth called a meeting of the B. B.'s, and suggested that she buy a dress and jacket for a little girl about the size of a third-grade girl; and, of course, the girls all agreed, and Ruth asked Miss Elizabeth if it 'couldn't be warm and pretty both together.'

The very next week Bertha came to the school wearing a new dress, jacket and hood. She rushed in to tell Miss Elizabeth:

'And what do you 'spose, they came in a box with my name on the outside, and they've never been worn, and it ain't Christmas, neither.'

Irritating Nagging

('Wellspring.')

The Editor wants to say a word to the naggers. There must be quite a number of them among the multitude that take the 'Wellspring.' Are you a nagger—you who have begun to read this editorial—or are you liable to become one? Strange to say, many of those who make all around them uncomfortable by their nagging, are unaware of their fault. The Editor once gently tried to open the eyes of one who is high up in the art, and instantly she fitted the cap on some of her acquaintnces, far surpassing him in the force and aptness of her remarks!

The worst of it is that those who are addicted to the habit are so conscientious about it! They always are seeking the good of others. They are merely trying to correct bad habits in the household. If it were not for them there would be no order or decency in the home. So intent are they in setting others right that they forget to look for any failings in themselves. when they have others to look after.

In spite of the fact that nagging induces a self-righteous, pharisaic feeling, the nagger is never happy. The Editor never saw one whose nerves were not on edge. No matter how expert one may be the result is not contentment. Indeed, the more proficient one is the less enjoyment is gotten out of it. One would not expect it, but the fact is that the face of the nagger almost invariably shows more acute distress than the faces of the nagged. Often the latter are indeed provoked almost beyond endurance, but there is a satisfaction in the fact that with them the feeling is only temporary, while the poor nagger has to suffer without let-up.

The Editor has lived until he has reached 'the youth of old age.' He has seen a great deal of nagging done by both sexes —he will not say in which one it preponderates—and he now bears witness that he never knew of anybody reformed in anything by nagging. He has known people made worse by it, but rarely made better, and then only as trial and discipline, patiently borne, work for one's good. He has known of husbands being driven to the saloons by it; of wives made despair-

ing or bitter; of brothers and sisters alienated instead of growing up in beautiful comradeship. Nagging not only does not accomplish the pretended object for which it is used, but it often does just the reverse. The Editor has seen some who were saints under it, but they were well on their way to sainthood before they became subjected to it. It brings out the devil in most people.

Nagging, then, is a waste of energy, or flagrant misuse of it, inasmuch as no one, not even the nagger, is benefited by it. Out of the general uncomfortableness caused by it, some one should be able to get some enjoyment, but that is not done even by the discomfort-maker. The nagger changed a 'happy family' into a set of snarling creatures, not only without deriving any profit or pleasure from the act, but actually suffering with the rest, like the hornet, which when it uses its sting is forced to leave it in the wound it has made.

The habit of nagging is usually apt to fasten upon those of a nervous disposition. It is a sign of a fussy nature. It must have every little thing just so, or there is an outbreak. It is not the great things that it worries about so much as it is the infinitesimals. It is frequently blind to great faults and magnifies the small ones. A nervous disposition resorts to nagging as a relief, but is made worse by it. The real root of nagging is 'self.' Doing it for the good of others is a delusion. The habit is acquired because of resenting all those actions on the part of others that interfere with one's comfort, convenience, or notions of what is proper or right. It is simply an effort to make every one in the family do and behave according to the nagger's ideals.

'Let him alone,' counselled a wise elderly woman to a girl in her teens who was always criticizing her brother. 'You are driving him from home now. Instead of doing that, make home attractive to him. Quit pecking at his faults, and, instead, praise him for the things that he does that are right. Make him think there is no brother in the world who has quite so good a sister.'

That was sound advice. That sister had been concerned only with externals and was losing her brother's heart. Doubtless the boy was inconsiderate, careless, rough, boorish, it may be, but the way to make a thoughtful gentleman of him, was not by irritating his temper, but by increasing his love. Love 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things'—and winneth all things where nagging completely fails.

A Victory Worth Winning

(Eva Williams Malone, in 'Christian Observer.')

Old Mr. Simms was coming down the street—cross, stingy, old Mr. Simms, who hated boys, and who looked as if he could never, by any chance, have been a boy himself.

A bevy of school-fellows were huddled on the corner comparing balls and marbles. Just as the old man came opposite them, a solid rubber ball was hurled from the crowd of boys, and the word—'Skinflint'—hissed through the air. The thrower was a good marksman, for Mr. Simms' moth-eaten 'stovepipe' hat was knocked from his head and rolled into the gutter.

The old man was furious; forgetting to rescue his hat, he rused across to capture his assailant. But boys are fleet of foot, and before Mr. Simms's rheumatic limbs had carried him to the spot, the youngsters had all scuttled away.

'The young villains! They needn't think they'll get off so easy. I know who did it. I'd know Hal Preston's voice anywhere. His father will make him wish his skin was made of flint before he is done with him.'

And the old man quivered with rage as he went down the street toward Mr. Preston's store, where he told his story. In telling his story, Mr. Simms gave forth no uncertain sound. He declared that he not only recognized Hal's voice, but saw him raise his arm to throw.

'What's all this I hear about your striking old Mr. Simms with a ball, my son?' asked Mr. Preston sternly, as he came up to his own back gate at noon to find his son and several other boys standing together in earnest discussion.

'I? I, father?' exclaimed Hal, turning pale with what might have been either innocent surprise or guilty fear. 'Why, I did not do it; I declare I did not.'

'But Mr. Simms says he knows your voice, and that just as he saw you raise your arm to throw the ball you called out, "Old Skinflint!" That looks ugly for you, my young man.'

The frown on Mr. Preston's face, and the set lines about his mouth showed that he thought his boy was telling him a falsehood.

'Boys, who threw that ball?' Mr. Preston asked sharply; 'Mr. Simms is one of the best customers, and he says flatly that he not only saw Hal throw, but heard him use language that no gentleman would apply to an old man. Did anyone in this crowd see Hal throw? The ball came from the place where he was standing—that is clear.'

There was silence in the group; the boys all shaking their heads in denial of Hal's guilt.

Mr. Preston looked at his son searchingly.

'Harry, do you know who did it, if it was not you?'

'Yes, sir, I know, but I can't tell,' came from the boy's pale, set lips.

'Now, boys, if it wasn't Hal, who was it?' continued Mr. Preston. 'It looks to me very much as if you are all trying to screen Harry in a very ungentlemanly thing. I know how boys will do that. Mr. Simms is a truthful old man, and if I can't get the name of the boy who threw that ball from some of you, I am bound to believe it was Hal, and I'll settle with him.'

Mr. Preston waited a moment, and then said in a stern, resolute voice:

'Harry, come with me.'

As the two started into the house, a muttered cry of 'Shame! shame!' rose from the group of boys. Then a slim boy, with a set face, stepped out from among them, and said:

'Come back, Mr. Preston! I can't let Hal be punished, he didn't throw that ball—I did it.'

As he spoke these words, the boys set up a shout: 'Hurrah! hurrah for old Frank. He ain't a sneak, after all. He's fit to belong to the Gang!'

'What is the Gang?' asked Mr. Preston, coming back to where the boys stood.

'That's our Club,' answered the lad, who had confessed to the ball-throwing, 'we're sworn never to tell on each other, and also never to do a cowardly, sneaking thing.'

'Don't you think it was somewhat of that order to throw at an old man?' asked Mr. Preston, looking down into the bright, young face.

'Yes, sir, I reckon it was, but I didn't just think about it. That old stovepipe hat did look so easy to hit. And old Skinny—I mean Mr. Simms, sir—is always calling us boys "young rascals."'

'Well, I was a boy myself once, and I have not forgotten how boys feel,' said Mr. Preston, 'but what do you think would be the real manly thing for you to do—the thing that would be truly worthy of "the Gang?"'

'Why, to ask Hal's pardon first, and then to go and tell old Sk—, I mean Mr Simms, that it wasn't Harry that hit his hat. It's a pretty bitter pill, sir—well, never mind, I'll do it!' and the lad started down the street followed by 'the Gang' shouting:

'Hooray for old Frank! He's the real stuff. We'll make him captain of the Gang!'

And they did.

'Saving the Sun.'

The Rev. W. P. Knight, writing from P'ing-Yang, Shan-si, describes as follows the custom of the Chinese at the time of an eclipse.

I saw a proclamation yesterday in one of the public places of this city, to the effect that on the 1st of the 10th moon there will be an eclipse of the sun. All classes—scholars, tradesmen, soldiers, officials, etc.—are therefore commanded to unite in 'saving the sun.' The idea is that a voracious animal in the sky has swallowed the sun, and all must combine in making the greatest possible noise, frighten the beast and thus get him to vomit the sun, that China may not be deprived of its light and heat. In talking the matter over with a Christian teacher, he assurred me that from the emperor down to the lowest subject, this was believed. On the day named, temples will be sounding with the chanting of priests and beating of tom-toms; officials will set off crackers and bombs while the poorer people will beat tins, blow horns, and make all manner of noise to 'save the sun.' I pointed out the folly of it all, but got the answer, 'It is the established custom.' That is the last argument, the final court of appeal—custom must not be broken. It seems strange that a man who can assume the duties of the governorship of a province, could issue such a childish proclamation. Strange indeed are the workings of the Chinese mind!—'China's Millions.'

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How the Boys Bought the Books.

(R. B. Buckham, in 'United Presbyterian.')

The young people connected with the church of the little town of Marshall were few in numbers, but nevertheless enthusiastic and interested, and always on the watch for an opportunity to be of service, or to do some good or kind deed. They were in the habit of holding meetings at their several homes Sabbath afternoons, and often these little gatherings were the beginning of some good or commendable undertaking.

One Sunday afternoon in the early spring such a meeting was in progress at the home of Ben and Harry Searles. Just before it closed, Ben proposed that they make an attempt to purchase some much-needed volumes for the Sunday-school library. The suggestion met with the hearty approval of all; but how was the money to buy them to be secured? The question was warmly discussed, without any satisfactory solution being arrived at. Finally it was agreed that each should begin in his own way to do what he could toward raising the much-needed money, and with this the meeting adjourned.

'Well, what is your plan?' said Ben to his younger brother after all the little company had gone. 'I don't know, just yet,' was the reply. 'But wait. What do you say to this? You know that Farmer Perkins, away over in the farthest part of the town, has been losing a number of sheep lately, from one cause or another. He thinks that a catamount must be lurking somewhere about the mountain, and offers a reward of twenty dollars to anybody who will bring him its skin. How would it do for us to go on a hunt after it?'

'No,' replied the older and more prudent brother, 'that plan is too visionary. Our chances of success would be altogether too small. We must put our time and labor in where it will be sure to count. Now you know that there is an abandoned sugar orchard over in the pine woods back of the hill, how would sugar-making suit you?'

'Splendid! Just the thing. We'll do it!' and Harry fairly danced with joy at the thought of the successful project before them. The boys tended school, so that it would be necessary for them to do their work after school hours, but this fact did not disturb them in the least, and they were soon busy at their task.

First of all they secured a number of buckets and pails, then whittled out some spouts with their knives, and repaired to the sugar grove. Holes were now bored in the trees with an auger, the sap spouts inserted in them, and the pails adjusted to catch the sweet liquid, as it dripped from them. The old sugar house had been long deserted, but a few hours' work put it in fair order again, and all was going on finely, and the prospect ahead was of the very brightest.

Now one Friday night, some two weeks later, as it would not be necessary to attend school on the morrow, Ben proposed that they take some provisions with them, and stay all night in the sugar-house, keeping up their sap boiling as far into the night as they pleased.

'Yes, and we'll take the rifle with us to ward off any danger, so that we will be perfectly safe!' added Harry enthusiastically.

The consent of their parents to this arrangement was finally reluctantly given, and the boys set out for the sugar house, to be gone all the following day. It was splendid fun, they declared, being all alone in the woods at night, watching the fire and the sap boil. But along toward morning, after they had been asleep for some time, they were suddenly awakened by a strange sound outside, which was not unlike a long drawn out 'snuff' of some animal, prowling around the camp.

The two sprang to their feet, and, seizing the rifle, peered cautiously out through a crack in the boards. The fire had burned low, but by its dim light they could distinctly see two great staring eyes, looking toward them out of the darkness like coals of fire. Ben raised the rifle to his shoulder, and taking aim at them as steadily as his trembling hand would permit of, pressed the trigger. There was a commotion as of a struggle for a time, and then all was quiet outside, but the two were too frightened to sleep any more that night, and sat waiting for the dawn. When at length the light of day crept through the woods, they stole out of the sugar camp to see what their night visitor could have been. There on the snow near the fire lay a catamount stretched at its full length. It had probably been attracted by the smell of the cooking, or the boiling sap. Ben stooped down, and ran his fingers through its long fur.

'It's pelt alone will pay for the books,' he remarked, 'without saying anything at all about the value of the sugar we have made.'

A Turning Point.

Last winter the confidential clerk of a firm in an inland town was sent to Philadelphia on important business. He had always been a steady fellow, was married, and was fond and proud of home, wife and child.

But he was young, and it was his first visit to a large city. He was elated with the importance of his errand, and had a vague idea of 'seeing life.' A single secret sip of the intoxicating pleasures of a large city could surely do him no harm. He bid the thought away almost out of his own sight.

Arriving at the city on Saturday night, he went to one of the principal hotels, registered his name carefully, reading it over after the manner of unaccustomed travellers, and went to supper.

Before he had finished, the waiter brought him two letters.

'Already! why, these are from the city! Nobody knows I am here!' he exclaimed.

'City folks mighty wide awake!' ejaculated John.

Our traveller tore open one envelope. Within was an invitation to a variety theatre of a bad reputation that evening, with a hint of a 'sacred concert' on the next day, and 'unlimited fun.'

The young man's face reddened, and his heart throbbed hotly. The door was open for that secret glimpse into inquity. What harm could it do him—or anybody?

He opened the other letter. It contained a few words:

'Dear Sir: In order that you may not pass a lonely Sabbath in a strange city, we enclose a list of churches open to-morrow near your hotel, in any of which you will be cordially welcomed. Our rooms and libraries are also open at your disposal. You will find friends there who will be glad to serve you.'

It was signed by an officer of a Christian Association.

'These invitations of both kinds are left at the hotel, and directed to each guest as soon as he registers his name,' explained the clerk. 'Which will you accept?'

The young countryman colored and laughed. 'The first is tempting. But that,' touching the second, 'has the true ring about it. I'll accept that.' He kept his word. It seemed to him as if he was close to his wife and little boy all day. Going to the hotel in the evening, he saw a group of pale, bloated creatures coming out of the 'sacred concert hall.' One or two were arrested for disorderly conduct.

'They have been "seeing life," ' said the clerk. 'They accepted the other invitation.'—Source Unknown.

A Sturdy Little Champion.

The true spirit of chivalry is well exemplified by a little incident which happened the other day. A ragged little girl was selling flowers at a busy corner where many trams met, and a burly man, in his effort to catch his car, accidentally pushed against her, knocking her against the side of the building, and upsetting her flowers.

All unconscious of his act, he was hurrying on, when a newsboy, who had seen the whole proceeding, stepped up to him defiantly, and said:

'What do you want to kick a girl for? Hit me. I'm big enough.'

The gentleman stopped and looked at his diminutive antagonist in surprise. Then he saw the little girl, and for the first time realized what he had done. He stepped back, handed out enough money to pay for her entire stock, and said kindly:

'I am very sorry, my dear, if I hurt you. Really, I didn't see you.'

And then to the boy: 'You said you were big enough, young man, but you are a deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect.'

The children stared at him, hardly comprehending what he said and meant, and the man went his way.

That boy was supporting as well as he could an invalid mother and a crippled sister. From such sturdy little types as this develop the useful and successful men and citizens.—'League Journal.'

The Attraction of Revival.

That house of God which becomes noted in a neighborhood as a place in which many sinners have been 'transformed by the renewing of their minds' will, by a certain instinct of our redeemed humanity, soon become a centre of attraction, not only to those who, with scarcely any light, are groping after the truth, but even to many who are still hardily going on in sin. The greatest fame of Christianity is the fame of the cures she works.—Rev. W. Arthur.

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

Convicted Through a Shark.

Our British sailors are a brave, dutiful body of men; but occasionally, as during the past few weeks, cases of insubordination do arise. Sometimes, too, something occurs and the ringleaders are able to conceal their guilt. Not always so, however, as this instance, related by Sydney Watson, clearly shows.

The English cutter 'Sparrow' brought a brig into harbor at Kingston, Jamaica, under the suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade. As the captured vessel had no papers from which the charge could be clearly substantiated, conviction was impossible, and the suspected brig was discharged. A few hours before the time she was to leave the harbor a man-of-war arrived, bringing some documents which proved her guilt beyond the shadow of a doubt.

These papers had been obtained in a most surprising way. While cruising off St. Domingo, the man-of-war's crew had indulged in shark-fishing. One monster was secured, and, on being cut open on deck, a bundle of ship's papers was found in its stomach. They were the very documents flung overboard by the captain of the brig when she was boarded by the 'Sparrow.'

Curiosity prompted the captain of the man-of-war to examine the papers, and the result was that he brought them before the authorities at the nearest port. The unlucky brig was detained, and the crew eventually condemned on the evidence thus romantically acquired.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Clerk with a Conscience.

I was in one of Boston's largest dry-goods stores the other day. In my hand was a sample, which had been sent me by mail, of a certain piece of black dress-goods, which I wished to procure. The friend who was with me also wished to purchase black dress-goods; so we decided to look for hers first, since I already knew what I wanted.

After trying in vain to receive courteous attention from two different clerks, one of whom was busy (?) with a box of samples, and the other with invisible specks on his coat, we turned to a third clerk, rather timidly, for we were not sure of the reception we should receive.

He was making out a sale slip, but he turned at once. 'Certainly, madam, I have just what you want. I will wait on you in a moment.'

His tone was so different from what we had come to expect that we would willingly have waited half an hour for him to finish what he was doing. In a few seconds, however, he was at leisure, and piece after piece of dress-goods was displayed for our inspection.

My friend made her selection, and then I showed him my sample. At once he glanced at the slits cut in the side of the tiny piece of goods.

'That isn't one of my samples,' he remarked. 'I will ask the clerk who mailed this sample to wait on you.'

'But I don't want any other clerk to wait on me,' I responded hastily, fearing that my sample might have come originally from one of the discourteous clerks whom we first encountered. 'I want you to have this sale.'

'If you had asked for goods of that quality, width, and price, without showing me the sample, I could have found it for you at once,' he replied with a smile, 'but now this sale belongs to the clerk who sent out the sample.'

'Then I won't give you this sample to hunt it up by,' I said, wishing to see whether I could not carry my point. 'No one knows, except my friend, that you have seen it.' And I proceeded to tuck it away in my purse.

'But I know that I have seen it, and my conscience knows it,' and he laughingly laid his hand on his heart as he turned to look for the other clerk.

In a moment he returned. The other clerk was at lunch. What a sigh of relief we gave!

'I will make out the sale, and turn it over to him when he comes in,' our salesman said, displaying the shining black folds of the goods I desired.

As he made out his sale slip, crediting the goods to 'the office' instead of to his own number, I could not but admire the fine quality of that man's honesty. In a matter where no one would have been the wiser he was true to himself. He did as he would have been done by. And in making future purchases in that department I shall always look for my 'clerk with a conscience.'—Ella T. Maynard, in 'Christian Endeavor World.'

A Sensible Suggestion.

'If I could only be of some use in the world or fill some place in it,' cried Frances, impatiently, 'I would not complain.'

'Well,' suggested Cousin Patty, 'making beds is very useful work and your mother seems to need some one to fill the place of mender-in-ordinary to the family. Why not begin where you are? I never saw anybody willing to be of use who couldn't be used right where he stood. And as for filling places—did you ever think that you are put in your place so as to fill it? This business of wanting to climb out of your own place before you've filled it to go hunting for an empty one somewhere else, never did seem sensible to me. Start at once to be of use and you'll be useful, never fear.'

It was a sensible suggestion. There are many sensible people excusing themselves to-day by saying that they would rejoice to be of use—somewhere else. Our own place, after all, is the only one we can ever fill. The moment we fill it full, we shall overflow it into wider bounds. Mending and making beds, running errands, doing odd jobs—the large careers begin by these small usefulnesses, and widen irrepressibly as the man and the woman develop into broader activities. 'Begin where you are' is common sense. As a matter of fact, we cannot begin anywhere else. Only from what we are can develop what we shall be—only from where we stand can the first forward step be made. Shirking and complaining belong together. They are a poor pair of twins to have about, and the sooner we turn them out of doors and determine to be thoroughly useful in our own present place, the better.—'Christian Uplook.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Mountains Do Move.

An officer of a western railway which runs through the Rocky Mountains is convinced that the mountains are always on the move. 'We find from actual experience,' he says, 'in maintaining tunnels, bridges, and tracks in the mountains, that the mountains are moving. It costs a railway passing through the mountains a great deal of money in the course of ten years to keep the tracks in line, and maintenance of tunnels is even more expensive. Drive a stake on the side of a mountain, take the location with the greatest care, and return after a few months. The stake is not in the same location. The whole side of the mountain has moved. This experiment has often been tried, and in all cases the result proves that the mountains are moving. The mountains are gradually seeking the level of the sea.'—'Morning Star.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 24, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

If there should be War—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The English Dailies on the New Cabinet Appointments—The 'Times,' London.
The Lord President's Resignation—English Papers.
The Views of a German Radical on Free Trade—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Why the Powers must Intervene—Reginald Wyon, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
How the Insurgents Fight—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Dogmas of Free Thought—IV.—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Nature of a Religious War—'Daily News,' London.
Retorts Courteous and Otherwise—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Plasterer and Artist—'The Nation,' New York.
The Great Velasquez—C. L. H., in 'Academy and Literature,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

English Comments on Mr. Kipling's New Poems—The 'Spectator,' London; The 'Outlook,' London.
New Light on Gladstone.—The New York 'Evening Post.'
W. W. story—By Henry James, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Sherlock Holmes—As Seen by Scotland Yard—Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
How Great Writers Worked—The Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Rebecca and Isaac.

What do you think they were? 'A couple of owls.

Bertie's big brother found them away up in the top of a tall tree. He climbed up and got them for him.

They named them Rebecca and

Isaac, but everybody called them Becky and Ike.

Bertie made a little nest for them and tied their legs with a string so they could walk a little but could not fly away.

They grew very tame and would come to Bertie when he called them. They sometimes flew upon his shoulder or alighted on his curly head.

They looked very funny rolling their big, round eyes in the daytime, and blinking away at the light.

But when it grew dark they could see when Bertie could not.

After a time he let them go all over the house. Sometimes they went out-of-doors, but they always came back.

At last they grew very troublesome, and Bertie's mamma told him she thought they had better go into the woods again.

He felt very badly over it at first. But when Becky flew against a pan of milk his mother was carrying and spilled it all over her clean dress, and Ike broke sister Lucy's prettiest vase, knocking it off the organ with his long wings, he consented.

So his big brother went with him and when they got away out in the woods they let them go.

Bertie cried a little, but knew it was best.

He never saw them again but once. That was when he and his brother and sister were in a boat on the river. Two owls flew down from a tree on the bank and round and round their boat; and they seemed to know him when Bertie called them.

He thought it was Becky and Ike and I think so, too; don't you?—'Little Ones' Annual.'

Jones' Little Girl.

(By Catharine Young Glen, in the 'Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.')

(Concluded.)

After lunch Annie dressed Little-Dolly in the frock she wore for afternoons, and sat with her on the top step of Mrs. Jones' back stoop. She wore Mrs. Jones' sunbonnet, as the sun was warm, and as she rocked to and fro, holding to Little-Dolly's lips a candy she had saved for her, she cast an occasional condescending glance toward the house across the fence.

'Little-Dolly by-by, Little-Dolly by-by!' she sang aloud, just to show, if anybody over there should happen to be listening, how very well content she was.

She was roused from the peacefulness that was a joint effect of sun and jumbles by a shrill alarm. A few yards before her, in the garden, pluming himself as though he, too, had a right to be there, stood a bird with which she was acquainted.

'Why,' she exclaimed, running to shoo him back with indignant flapping of her skirt, 'there's Lowe's old rooster scratching up our onion-bed!'

The long summer afternoon passed by, and the sun, creeping home at last, slipped out of Mrs. Jones' yard with many a backward peep, and stopped to play a little longer in Mrs. Lowe's next door—perhaps because it was so lonely there without a child about.

Mrs. Lowe herself, in a pretty ruffled dress, sat by the window with her sewing. She looked up every now and then and cast a glance

over toward the Jones', and once she saw Annie and Little-Dolly on the step, and once she laughed outright, and then she very foolishly wiped her eyes as she saw the rooster come back through the fence.

Mr. Lowe came up the path toward teatime, glancing about among his shrubs, and stooping here and there to clip a dead twig with his penknife or to knock off a bug. He stopped beneath the window where his wife was sitting, and, handing in his paper, began to train up one of the branches of the rose bush which had slipped out from its fastening against the house.

'Where's baby?' he demanded, suddenly, for he missed something to which he was accustomed—the charge in his direction, and the clasp of two small stout arms.

'Annie has left us,' Mrs. Lowe replied regretfully. 'She's gone to live next door.'

She rose to set the table, laying down her work, a petticoat that she was making, oddly, for Jones' little girl. She took from the cupboard from mere force of habit, a tin tray and a mug marked 'For a Good Child,' and then, remembering that she was childless, put them back again.

After he had been sitting at the table for a moment, Mr. Lowe glanced at the place and laid down his knife and fork as though to rise and go for something; but Mrs. Lowe looked up and asked how business had been, which turned the current of his thoughts. Business had been doing well that day, and there was several things to tell. When tea was over he sat down beside the lamp and read his paper, while she cleared the supper things away.

As she moved about she could make out dimly the house next door for it was growing dark outside. The Jones' shades were down, and a narrow chink of light under each, or a shadow now and then, was all that gave a clue to what was going on within. By-and-bye a shade upstairs was suddenly illuminated, as though someone might be going to bed. Mrs. Lowe went to the window and stood with her face against the glass. When she came, at last, and sat down on the other side of the lamp, Mr. Lowe read her a bit of news here and there, as he always did, although by and by he frowned and laid the paper down.

'Hadn't I better go over and get baby, Anna?' he enquired.

She lifted up her big grey eyes.

'Why, no,' she said, 'she's gone to stay. But you might leave the door a little open, Henry,' she added, 'when you come upstairs—the one next Mrs. Jones.'

When she went up a little later she walked over to the crib and turned the covers down as usual, and taking from the desk a paperweight—a silver elephant that always slept with Annie—put him beneath the pillow, undoubtedly that he might feel no change. Then she herself went quietly to bed.

One might have fancied from her peacefulness that she was asleep; but she was not. She lay and listened for she knew nothing of the sauce-pies and soap-suds, until the house grew still, and the night without loud with the chorus of innumerable things. And at last, above the sawing of the katydids, she heard it—the pattering that she had been expecting! She was aware of it afar off, for her ears were sharp, even before the gate squeaked, or the door; and when on the dark stair, where a bear is so liable to follow one, it turned into a scramble, she sat up and put out her arms.

'Mother, mother, mother,' wept the little voice, and the cold nose and feet that followed it were endurable because so very precious, 'I aren't really Jones' little girl!'

Counter Attraction.

'No; I cannot come with you to the public house,' said a man to two of his workmates, in response to an invitation to go and "have a drink" with them. "I have a little daughter waiting for me at home, and I would not disappoint her for the world.'

'Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come at last, it seemed so long waiting for you," was the greeting he received from a bright young girl.

She put his slippers ready for him, poured out his tea, and looked at him with such a smiling, happy face, that he exclaimed:—

'I don't know whatever I should do without my dear little woman! I wish all fathers had such daughters to make their hearts glad.'

All girls should try to be like her. It does not cost very much, and great is the reward.

The Little Children in Japan.

(Caroline MacCormack, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say: 'You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!'

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude.
'O noble, dear mamma,' they say,
'We trust we don't intrude,'
Instead of rushing in to where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
That paper walls they live behind.

He Saved the Bits.

I know a very busy man who has not much time for reading, but whose mind is a perfect storehouse of information. It is a pleasure to hear him talk, for he is informed on nearly every subject, and one can always learn something when conversing with him, or hearing his conversation with others.

'How is it that you are so well informed?" I asked him one day. "You know more than any of us.'

'Well,' he replied, 'I had neither time nor money to go to college, so I could not lay in a regular stock of learning as most young men do, so I resolved to make use of all the bits of time that come in my way. I generally have a book in my pocket that I take out when I have ten or fifteen minutes to spare, and taking them all together they reckon up quite a considerable amount of time during the year."

His example is a good one for us to follow. Make the most of the minutes.—'League Journal.'

LESSON VII.—NOV. 15.

David's Trust in God.

Psalm xxiii.

Golden Text.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Psalm xxiii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 9.—Ps. xxiii.
Tuesday, Nov. 10.—John x., 11-18.
Wednesday, Nov. 11.—John x., 22-30.
Thursday, Nov. 12.—Ezek. xxxiv., 11-19
Friday, Nov. 13.—Ps. xxxiv., 8-22.
Saturday, Nov. 14.—Jer. xxiii., 1-8.
Sunday, Nov. 15.—Ezek. xxxiv., 20-31.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want..

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Grief seldom leaves the soul just as it found it. Unless one has the right spiritual preparation, free from the flaws of doubt and of a rebellious and unwilling heart, he is apt to be the more discouraged and dejected on account of the trial. But, if he has reached the larger, higher, soul growth, the storm only develops his strength, leaves him the stronger and the more rugged after it is passed.

Though Psalm xxiii. is believed to have been written during David's early life, it would apply very well to his experiences at this later period we have been studying, when he had been passing through such deep affliction.

This Psalm is one of the most frequently quoted of all passages in the Bible, for the reason that it touches the more common and deeper experiences of all of us. It is a sort of standard or guage by which to judge of one's spiritual health. Happy is that person whose faith, hope, courage, and love toward God are reflected in these beautiful verses.

THE LESSON STORY.

Verses 1, 2. 'The Lord is my shepherd.' David knew of a shepherd's concern and care for his flock, and in his gratitude for God's goodness he finds no more apt figure to express his relationship to his Lord than this. The shepherd counts his sheep, seeks the missing, leads them into rich pasture, protects them from attack, and at night gathers them into a safe fold. David knew what it was to face the lion and bear in defense of his flock, and Christ, the Great Shepherd, gave 'his life for the sheep.' How often he refers to his relation to his followers under the figures of the shepherd life!

'I shall not want.' Here is an expression of faith and confidence in God, but more than this is contained in these simple words. Often the most devout Christion does want outwardly, it would seem, but he has a knowledge of those greater wants of his soul, which his Father is supplying under the guise of momentary affliction. God sometimes supplies a higher want by leaving a lower unfulfilled. Many Christian families have struggled for years against poverty, yet that very condition has developed faith, love, unselfishness, patience, sympathy, thrift, and independence in its members. God has accepted their expressed trust in him to supply these higher, nobler, wants of their souls. II. Corinthians viii., 1, 2. Philippians iv., 19.

'In green pastures.' This verse perfectly mirrors the peace of the righteous and trusting soul. God does not promise to us in this world any artificial and extravagant pleasures, such as great wealth and high position may offer, but his peace and sufficiency are within reach of the true believer, in the rich but quiet and even secluded pastures of the Shepherd.

3. 'He restoreth my soul.' The sheep may wander, but the great Shepherd seeks after the one that is lost until it is found. We would find small comfort in Christianity if it was for none but men who had never gone astray, but Christ gives the sinner a new chance. His past sin need not be held against him, if he repents sincerely, accepts the offered pardon, and makes a new effort. Isaiah i., 18.

4. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow.' Here is one of the supreme tests of our spiritual strength. We can endure many losses, and trials, but if our lives seem about to be cut off when, as we think, they are unfinished, or if some disaster makes life a 'living death,' or, again, if death removes loved ones until life is a desert, then faith and hope begin to waver, prayer seems useless, and we can see no reason for our lot and no help for it. But it is in the darkest hour that he is nearest. Christ did not walk upon the sea to go to his disciples during calm weather and on a sunny day, but in the night and storm, when they were tired and disheartened. There is something infinitely pitiable and sad in the spectacle of a sorrowing human soul trying to find comfort through its own meager resources, and yet rejecting the 'peace that passeth understanding,' the gift of God.

5, 6. 'Thou preparest a table before me.' The sense of security from enemies allows the righteous believer to enjoy the blessings of God, even in the presence of enemies, and under conditions that, to the worldly-minded, would be most distressing. See Romans viii., 38, 39.

'My cup runneth over.' It is a sort of spiritual tonic to quietly take stock of all one's mercies. If we look carefully we discover what a wonderfully large amount of good comes into our lives. As we proceed in such an enumeration, like David, we will be led to exclaim, 'My cup runneth over.' You will notice that this utterance of his comes toward the end rather than at the beginning of this Psalm. The idea of God's goodness and mercy grows upon him as he proceeds until he expresses its bounteousness in this exclamation.

'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' The abundant favor of God was not only a blessing every day, but, as David looked forward, he saw a glorious prospect ahead. This divine love and care were to be his forever. If this was so in David's case, is it not true of the devout soul to-day?

Next week we have the temperance lesson, 'The Curse of Strong Drink.' Prov. xx., 1; xxiii., 20, 21, 29-35.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Nov. 15.—Topic—How may we help abolish the saloon? Eph. vi., 10-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MY FAVORITE PARABLE.

Monday, Nov. 9.—The mustard seed. Matt. xiii., 31, 32.

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—The field. Matt. xiii., 44.

Wednesday, Nov. 11.—The pearl. Matt. xiii., 45, 46.

Thursday, Nov. 12.—The talents. Matt. xxv., 14-30.

Friday, Nov. 13.—The good Samaritan. Luke 10., 25-37.

Saturday, Nov. 14.—The lost sheep. Luke xv., 4-7.

Sunday, Nov. 15.—Topic—Which one of Jesus' parables do you like best, and why? Matt. xxv., 1-13.

Warn Them That Are Unruly.

It would be a dull school—I appeal to every true teacher on this point—in which the unruly or disorderly element was not to be found. Where would be the zest, the salt of the teacher's life, if there were not found among the boys, and even among the girls, some who were not instinctively born with a belief in a perfect punctuality, in a perfect preparation of a lesson, in a perfect reverence for the personality of the teacher? I have known scholars even caricature their teacher. It may sound almost incredible in a civilized society like this, but it is a fact that there is implanted in some of those wild Bedouins of nature such a love for pictorial art that they cannot look into the face of either a male or a female teacher without the desire to perpetuate it, not perhaps on canvas, but on any casual piece of paper which they can place before the sight of their fellow-students. This is only one instance of that instinct for disorder which tests the ability of the teacher; and, to speak seriously and feelingly, I could tell of some of the greatest men of our generation and of the last who, with grand intellectual and moral faculties, which made them almost adored by large classes of their fellow-countrymen, were still utterly unable to maintain order in ordinary classes which a man or woman not possessing one-hundredth part of their intellectual and moral faculties had no difficulty in conducting.

But all teachers could by humility and by determination and by moral and persistent courage, win a victory—win delightful victories over these unruly subjects if they brought to bear upon them, not the feeling of contempt or dislike, but a downright love for them, increasing with the difficulty that their peculiarities bring forth. 'Warn them that are unruly.' Be a mind unto them, for that seems to be the real meaning; or bring out the mind that is surely there, using wisdom and love and tact and sympathy, and even humor—for that is a great help to find out what there is in these little born rebels. Make a timely call at their homes; make a yet more timely call at their sick beds; get at them not only in the school, but get at them out of school hours; let them be dismissed feeling that there is something in touch between their hearts and yours; and then even the most unruly, the most disorderly ones, will be, in most cases, not only warned, but reclaimed.—Dr. Montagu Butler.

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What the Bartender Sees.

A young man with a cold face, much nervous energy, and a tired-of-the-world expression, leans over the polished, silver mounted drinking bar.

You look at him and order your drink. You know what you think of him, and you think you know what he thinks of you. Did you ever stop to think of all the very strange human beings beside yourself that pass before him? He stands there as a sentinel, business man, detective, waiter, general entertainer, and host for the homeless.

In comes a young man, rather early in the day. He is a little tired, up too late the night before. He takes a cocktail. He tells the bartender he does not believe in cocktails. He never takes them in fact. 'The bitters in a cocktail will eat a hole through a thin handkerchief—pretty bad effect on your stomach, eh?' and so on.

Out goes the young man with the cocktail inside of him. And the bartender knows that the young man, with his fine reasonings and his belief in himself, is the confirmed drunkard of year after next. He has seen the beginning of many such cocktail philosophers, and the ending of the [illegible]

The way not to be a drunkard is never to taste spirits. The bartender knows that, but his customers do not know it.

. . . . . .

At another hour of the day there comes the older man. This one is the fresh-faced young oldish man. He has small gray side whiskers. He shows several people—whom he does not know—his book of commutation tickets. He changes his mind suddenly from whiskey to lemonade. The bartender prepares the lemon slowly, and the man changes his mind back to the whiskey. Then he tries to look more dignified than the two younger men with him. In the midst of the effort he begins to sing 'The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe,' and he tells the bartender 'that is from "The Bohemian Girl."' He sings many other selections, occasionally forgetting his dignity, and occasionally remembering that he is the head of a most respectable home—partly paid for.

The wise man on the outside of the bar suggests that the oldish man will get into trouble. But the bartender says: 'No, he will get home all right. But he won't sing all the way there. About the time he gets home he'll realize what money he has spent, and you would not like to be his wife. It won't be any songs that she'll get.'

The bartender knows that the oldish man—about fifty-one or two—has escaped being a drunkard by mere accident, and that he has not escaped yet. A little hard luck, too much trouble, and he'll lose his balance, forget that there is lemonade, and take to whiskey permanently.

. . . . . .

At the far end of the bar there is the man who comes in slowly and passes his hand over his face nervously. The bartender asks no questions, but pushes out a bottle of every-day whiskey and a very small glass of water.

The whiskey goes down. A shiver follows the whiskey, and a very little of the water follows the shiver. The man goes out with his arms close to his sides, his gait shuffling and his head hanging.

It has taken him less than three minutes to buy, swallow and pay for a liberal dose of poison.

Says the bartender:

'That fellow had a good business once. Doesn't look it, does he? Jim over there used to work for him. But he couldn't let it alone.'

The 'it' mentioned is whiskey.

Outside in the cold that man, who could not let it alone, is shuffling his way against the bitter wind. And even in his poor sodden brain reform and wisdom are striving to be heard. His soul and body are sunk far below par. His vitality is gone, never to return. The whiskey, with its shiver that tells of a shock to the heart, lifts him up for a second.

He has a little false strength of mind and brain, and that strength is used up to mumble good resolutions. He thinks he will stop drinking. He thinks he could easily get money backing if he gave up drinking for good. He feels and really believes that he will stop drinking.

Perhaps he goes home, and for the hundredth time makes a poor woman believe him, and makes her weep once more for joy, as she has wept many times from sorrow.

But the bartender knows that that man's day has gone, and that Niagara River could turn back as easily as he could remount the swift stream that is sweeping him to destruction.

. . . . . .

Five men come in together. Each asks of all the others: 'What are you going to have?'

The bartender spreads out his hands on the edge of the bar, attentive and prepared to work quickly. Every man insists on 'buying' something to drink in his turn. Each takes what the others insist on giving him. Each thinks that he is hospitable.

But the bartender knows that those men belong to the Great American Association for Manufacture of Drunkards through 'treating.'

Each of these men might perhaps take his glass of beer, or even something worse, with relative safety. But as stupidly as stampeded animals pushing each other over a precipice, each insists on buying poison in his turn. And every one spends his money to make every other one, if possible, a hard drinker and a wasted man.

The bartender's procession is a sad one, and you who still think yourself safe are the saddest atom in the line, for you are there without sufficient excuse. It is a long procession, and its end is far off.

Trained to Self-Denial.

(The 'Daily Express.')

While, of course, it is not claimed by the advocates of a reformed dietary that it contains the whole solution to the terrible problem of drunkenness, there can be no doubt that it may be made a powerful auxiliary in combating it. It is not in the thing itself, but in the principles which underlie and actuate it that our hope lies. Whatever leads to a cleaner, more wholesome way of life all round, must inevitably bar out self-indulgence in any and every form. Strongly flavored, stimulating, irritating foods cause a craving for fiery drinks, and 'vice versa.'

Of the value of a wholesome and sound 'regime' as a preventive there can be no question, and it is just here that we housemothers can begin. If our young people are trained to habits of self-denial and obedience to all the higher laws of their being, if they learn early to endure hardness,' to accept the annoyances and disagreeables of life cheerfully, if they are trained and encouraged to take a pride and a pleasure in overcoming difficulties in whatever capacity they present themselves there will be little danger of their at any time becoming slaves to appetite. If, on the other hand, we accustom them to all sorts of indulgences and dainties, humoring their various whims and caprices, making much of all their likes and dislikes, we may lay our account to it that, however harmless these traits are in the meantime, they are all too surely undermining their character and making them the creatures of circumstances.

In this regard, therefore, we must not despise any means whereby we may help to build up and strengthen those with whom we have to deal, so that when the conflict comes to be between inclination and the right, they will be so disciplined that not only will they eventually decide for the right, but will naturally and joyfully incline to it.

The Dream of the Reveller.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them gleaming,
And in their cups, replenished oft, the ruddy wine was streaming:
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure bounded.
The Song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.
I drained my bumper with the rest, and cried: 'Away with sorrow;
Let me be happy for to-day, and care not for to-morrow!'
But as I spoke my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,
And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision passed before me:

Methought I saw a demon rise, he held a mighty beaker,
Whose burnished sides ran daily o'er with floods of burning liquor;
Around him pressed a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy;
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suff'ring and the needy,
All those oppressed by grief and debt—the dissolute and lazy,
Blear-eyed old men, and reckless youths, and palsied women crazy;
'Give, give!' they cry, 'Give, give us drink to drown all thought of sorrow,
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow!'

The first drop warms their shivering skins, and drives away their sadness,
The second lights their sunken eyes and fills their souls with gladness,
The third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each furious antic,
The fourth drop boils their very blood, and the fifth drop drives them frantic.
'Drink,' says the demon, 'drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow,
They'll make your bright eyes blear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow,
They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your back with tatters;
They'll fill your heart with evil thoughts—but never mind—what matters?

Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties dissever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for ever;
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses—
A workhouse for the jolly soul who all his life carouses,
A hospital to lodge the sot, oppressed by pain and anguish,
A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish;
So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
Be happy if you can to-day, and never mind to-morrow!'

But well he knows, this demon old, how vain is all his preaching,
The ragged crew that round him flock are heedless of his teaching:
Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry with shouts of laughter,
'Out on the fool who mars to-day with thoughts of a hereafter!
We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant!'
Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming beaker,
'Body and soul are mine,' quoth he, 'I'll have them both for liquor!'
—Charles Mackay.

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VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1.00 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

RHEUMATICS—READ THIS!

Was a Cripple from Rheumatism—Believed it Incurable.

Markham, Ont.

In the spring of 1901 I was attacked with Rheumatism in my hips and legs so badly I could not walk or get up from the chair, it came so suddenly. The doctor attended me for four months, with the result that the Rheumatism moved from the hips and legs to the feet, still making it impossible for me to get around. I tried another doctor for three months without a change. Then I used an electric belt, but it did me no good. I was discouraged, thinking my trouble incurable, when I saw Vitæ-Ore advertised. I sent for a package, used it and one other, and am now entirely cured.

WM. E. RISEBROUGH.

FEELS LIKE A NEW PERSON.

Stomach Trouble for Years—Could Not Eat—Had No Energy

Rock Dale Farm, Ste. Martine, Que.

I had Stomach Trouble for years and it made me so miserable at times that I could not do an ordinary day's work without lying down for a rest during the day. I had no energy and could not eat without a great deal of suffering, and even then in a great many cases I could not keep food on my stomach. I tried doctor's medicine without getting relief and then made up my mind to give Vitæ-Ore a trial. I ordered a package, which I took according to directions for one month and now I can eat a hearty meal and experience no pain whatever. In short, I feel like a new person and I will always recommend Vitæ-Ore to every one afflicted as I was.

Miss ELLA L. BARRINGTON.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

N. M. DEPT.
Yonge & Temperance Streets, = = = = TORONTO, ONT.

Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

What is said about a 'Book of Remembrance in Malachi?' Give the next verse.

FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

Fill in the following verses. They are in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians.

1. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory.
2. For me to live is Christ.
3. I press toward the mark.
4. That I may know him and the power of his resurrection.
5. I can do all things.
6. Be careful for nothing.

BIBLE RIDDLE.

A Bible character without a name,
Who never to corruption came.
Who died a death ne'er died before.
Whose shroud is in every housewife's store.

The answer will be found in Genesis.

The names of those who have sent in the correct references for the quotations from St. Peter will appear later.—Ed.

Wendover, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read in the 'Messenger' that you would like the readers of the 'Messenger' who have their birthdays in

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FOUNTAIN PEN FREE!

(Made by Sanford & Bennet New York. Value, $2.00 cash.)

You can get this pen very easily by showing this copy of the 'Northern Messenger' to your friends. Take their subscriptions at the rate of 10c each to the end of the year. Twelve subscriptions at this rate make $1.20. Send us the $1.20 and we will send you the fountain pen free, and will send the 'Messenger' every week to the end of the year to each of your 12 friends, who must be New Subscribers.

You can also secure this pen for six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for one year at 30c each.

Postage on the 'Northern Messenger' will be charged extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except the United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

October and November to let you know. I am thirteen years old on October 19. I go to school in Wendover, and I am the only English scholar in the school. We have to study both languages, but I do not like to study the French. I get the 'Messenger' every week, and I like the stories very much. They are very interesting. F. W. S.

Kingarf.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on June 18. I always read the 'Little Folks' Page first. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I think it is a lovely paper. We live on a farm about a mile from Kingarf. We have just been living here about two years, and we all like it very much. I have three sisters and three brothers. There are five of us going to school. I am in the fourth reader. My teacher gave me a knife as a prize for being the best speller. We had a picnic on the third of July for our day school and Sunday-school also. It was held at Stony Island. I think we all enjoyed our day very much. I think I will close this time by wishing the 'Messenger' every success. BEATRICE M. McC.

Gainsboro.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought that I would try. I have one sister, who is six years old, and she goes to school. I used to go to school till I got my leg hurt. It got caught in the wheel of the buggy, and I am unable to walk. I am in the second reader. I have been through it once. We have a library at our school; it is a very pretty one. The school is a mile and a-half away. My uncle's girls drive an old horse. He is very quiet. They have been driving him all the summer. I am eight years old, and my birthday is on May 23. My grandpa gave me a canary for a birthday present. I will write again soon.

WILDA S.

Dunnville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm by the Grand River, which flows past our place. In the summer I go in bathing, and in the winter I try to skate. I have a little white kitten, which is very pretty. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the Fourth Reader; but I have a mile and a half to walk. I go to Sunday-school quite regularly. I must now close.

PEARL S. E. (age 11).

Brigden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters, and hope I may see mine printed some day. My birthday was in September. I am past eight. Brigden is a small place, and very pretty. Most always it is rather wet. We are nine miles from River St. Clair. There is a branch of the M.C.R. running through here, and I often go to the depot, but I always stay far back from the train. Mother is at the store, and I thought that I would write while she was gone. I have a nice little pony, and an old pet cow, named 'Brindle.' IDA N.

Mono Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and we all enjoy reading it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth book. Miss G. is our teacher. We live near the Mono rocks. This ridge of rocks runs through Mono, they are covered with trees, which look very pretty at this time of the year. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. Miss A. is my teacher, and Mr. L. is our minister. I am eleven years of age. I saw a letter from a little girl whose birthday is the same day as mine, April 22. FLORENCE H. A.

North Nation Mills.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I have been getting it in the Presbyterian Sunday-school this summer. I am sorry our school is stopped for the winter, as it is too far for the children to go. We had quite a Sunday-school, considering that it is in the country. I am the only boy; I have no brothers or sisters. I wonder if there are any of the boys or girls of my age. I will be fourteen years old on Feb. 9. I got a present of a Winchester rifle not long ago, and I like it very much. We have no school just now, as we cannot get a teacher. I hope to be able to go to the school this year, as I lost all of last year. My Pa got hurt, and I had to stop at home. I was born in Bracebridge, Muskoka. I live on a farm, four miles from the C.P.R., North Shore line. We live forty miles from Ottawa. The snow is very deep here in the winter, but it is nice in the summer. I have a little dog called Fido. I guess the Editor will think this letter is never going to come to an end. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

ROBBIE JAMES C.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Unhealthy Houses.

It does not express the whole truth to say that some houses are unhealthy; it is nearer the fact in reference to many dwellings, that they are deadly. Sometimes certain rooms in the house are so impregnated with poisonous emanations, that their occupants become ill in a few days.

A man in perfect health was placed in a room in London, and in a few days died of putrid fever. The next, and the next, and the next occupant, were noticed successively to become ill. It became so notorious, that the authorities took it in hand to examine the premises, and it was found that the man who papered the room, in order to fill up a cavity in the wall, put in a bucket full of paste and pieces of the glazed papering, which in time began to ferment and rot, throwing into the room a steady supply of the noxious fumes of decomposed lead, and other hurtful ingredients employed in the sizing of wall paper. It is known that the sizing on a visiting card is quite enough to kill a child if put in its mouth; being a little sweetish to the taste, it is rather palatable. Another English house became so notoriously unhealthy that the common people reported it to be haunted; it soon gained such a reputation that nobody would live in it free of rent. Investigation discovered that it was the result of pasting new paper on old. In repapering a room or house, first pull off the old paper and scrape and wash the walls.—'Journal of Health.'

THE INVENTOR'S WORK.

For the benefit of our readers, we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 83,340, Elzear Doré, Laprairie, Que., plough; 83,366, Pierre Vallée, Waterbury, Conn., rail-joint; 83,463, Edmond Héroux, Montreal, Que., door latch; 83,497, Pacifique Desorcy, Windsor Mills, Que., process of making wool fabrics; 83,498, Pacifique Desorcy, Windsor Mills, Que., forming machine for felt garments; 83,499, Pacifique Desorcy, Windsor Mills, Que., manipulating apparatus for felt stocking forms; 83,500, Pacifique Desorcy, Windsor Mills, Que., felting machine; 83,501, Pacifique Desorcy, Windsor Mills, Que., stocking stretcher.

A NEGLECTED ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Reading aloud well is an accomplishment ranking next to music as a means of entertainment at home and in the family circle. In a past generation the long winter evenings were looked forward to with pleasing anticipations, which were realized when they were chiefly spent at home, and going to parties was the exception. The father, mother and children all gathered in the common living room, and one read aloud while others busied themselves with some handiwork, and all, save very small ones, who had an early bed time, listened with attention and interest. There is much talk just now about the study of child nature. It would astonish some of these students could they know how much of the good literature intended for mature minds was comprehended and appreciated by the children when they were given a chance to become acquainted with it. Scott's novels, 'Paradise Lost,' Scott's poems and other similar reading have been a strong factor in forming a good taste in literature when heard by children from seven to ten years of age. Such children have of their own volition learned large parts of 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and many small poems of great merit. One lady, recently dead, took great pleasure, when long past her eightieth year, in repeating gems of poetry learned in her early girlhood.

There is too much light and trashy reading for children. They are left too much to themselves in choice of books. Parents are too apt to be engrossed in their own pursuits to give their children the proper training in reading aloud at home. Too much dependence is placed on their being taught at school. At school there is not sufficient time to give each child all the exercise in this that is needed. Reading aloud should be a home habit. One principal of a school has recognized this, and is making an effort to encourage children in the habit. He gives a credit to the children for home reading aloud, and asks a report from the parents, and also gives the pupil an opportunity to tell his class the things he has read. The responsibility of a child's education is not wholly the teacher's. The teacher is simply to supplement the efforts of the parent, to supply what it is inconvenient or impossible for the parent to give. Schools are not intended to take the parent's place—Milwaukee 'Journal.'

Rinse out milk bottles, pitchers and egg cups wit hcold water. Empty and rinse cups. Put any dishes used in baking to soak in cold water. Fill kettles and spiders full of cold water and set away from the stove to soak. If left on the stove the heat hardens whatever has adhered to the sides in cooking and renders it harder to remove.

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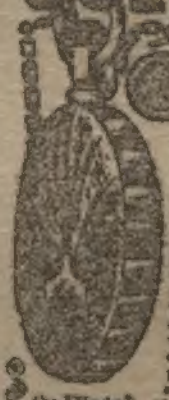

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Girls, send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid **Six Large Beautifully Colored Pictures** each 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," representing an angel bending over a cradle containing a sleeping child; "Simply to the Cross I Cling," a beautiful picture showing a woman clinging to the cross, and "The Family Record," a picture that should be in every home, as it provides spaces for writing all the births, marriages, deaths, etc. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c. and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and for your trouble we will send you

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just imported from Germany, with turning Bisque head, lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, natural sleeping blue eyes that open and shut, jointed body, real slippers and stockings, elegantly and stylishly dressed from head to foot with beautiful lace-trimmed underwear, fancy dress and stylish hat. Drucilla Matchett, Keewatin, Ont., writes as follows:—I am very much pleased with my Doll. She is a beauty, and this is what I have written about my Dolly:—

"I am a little girl just nine years old,
My Dolly came from Germany, so I am told,
She has pretty blue eyes and nice flaxen hair.
And I am just in love with her, I do declare.
She's sweet and she's winsome,
She's tall and she's gay,
And with my dear Dolly I just mean to play.
I do love her dearly,
I fondly embrace
My dear little Dolly
With such a sweet face."

Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., said: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little girl friends think she is just lovely." And you can have a Dolly just like these little girls are writing about if you will sell only 6 pictures for us at 25c. each. You don't have to pay us a single cent of your own. We allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. Address at once,

THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 467. TORONTO.

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You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid **8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 484 Toronto.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address Home Art Co., Dept 403 Toronto.

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